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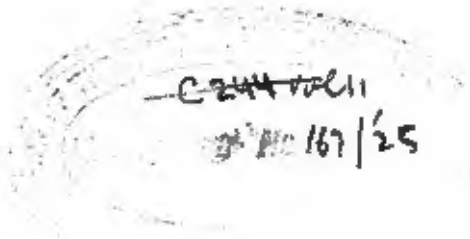
EDITED BY
L. CRANMER-BYNG
DR. S. A. KAPADIA

ANTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN POEMS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WISDOM OF THE EAST

ANTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN POEMS

COMPILED BY

C. ELISSA SHARPLEY

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EDITORIAL NOTE

THE object of the Editors of this series is a very definite one. They desire above all things that, in their humble way, these books shall be the ambassadors of good-will and understanding between East and West—the old world of Thought and the new of Action. In this endeavour, and in their own sphere, they are but followers of the highest example in the land. They are confident that a deeper knowledge of the great ideals and lofty philosophy of Oriental thought may help to a revival of that true spirit of Charity which neither despises nor fears the nations of another creed and colour.

L. CRANMER-BYNG.
S. A. KAPADIA.

NORTHBROOK SOCIETY,
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INTRODUCTION

The amount of Egyptian poetry which has come down to us is small in volume compared with our rich heritage of Greek and Roman literature, comprising epic, drama, pastoral, satire, and song. But although scanty in bulk, it suffices to show us its complete harmony with the heroic sculpture and massive architecture which are the monopoly of ancient Egypt.

Egyptian hymns to the primeval gods are remarkable compositions, startling in their acknowledgment of the One Great Deity, in whom all lesser deities are comprehended.

"God is One and Alone, and there is none other with him,
God is the One, the One who has made all things.
God is a Spirit, a hidden Spirit, the Spirit of Spirits, the great Spirit of Egypt, the divine Spirit.
God is from the beginning, and has existed from the beginning."

The beautiful hymn from which this extract is taken is worthy of comparison with the sublimest passages of Hebrew Scriptures. Indeed, the debt of the Israelites to their cruel taskmasters appears to be incalculable. Both their ritual and their literature owe much to the learning of the Egyptians.

Better known than the foregoing is the great Hymn of Akhenaton, which has such close points of resemblance with the one hundredth and fourth Psalm, although antedating it by more than four hundred years.

Compare also the Hymn to the Sun God, Ra

"Hail to thee, Ra, Lord of Truth. . . .
. . . Lord of mercy, most loving,
at whose coming men live.
opener of every eye
proceeding from the firmament:
causer of pleasure and light:
at whose coming the gods rejoice,
their hearts revive when they see him."

The Egyptians were at all times a religious people, and their hymns overflow with reverence and awe. Like the Hebrew Psalms of a later day, these hymns abound in parallelisms and in alliteration. They are enriched by bold metaphor and apt simile, and, like the poems of the Hebrews, they gain in vivacity by the rapid transition from the first to the third person.

Rhyme was unknown, but rhythm was a marked feature of poetic utterance. Egypt had no use for rhyme or jingle. She was stately and austere in both religious and secular literature. Not for her the filigree of song, nor the dainty conceits of the full stop poem, beloved of ancient China.

Short lines were, however, very much in evidence, particularly in the love poems, and seem to indicate that music was relied on as an accompaniment and aid to melody.

> "The ashes of our fathers
> And the temples of our gods"

are the fountain of poetic utterance, at any rate in ancient civilisations; although proverbs and wise maxims play a distinguished part in a somewhat restricted orchestra. But undeniably the keynote is *Religion*.

The Texts of the Pyramids, the offspring of far-reaching tradition, have the first claim upon our attention. They are our earliest record of Egyptian hymnology. But they speak to us of sacred poems of a far greater antiquity. The great Hymn of Osiris and Isis has already been adequately dealt with in this Series, and the Proverbs of Ptah-hotep, the royal scribe, have received likewise due recognition. The Pyramids indeed are a vast treasure-house of art, learning, and information.

Then follow poems conned from ancient Papyri, or hieroglyphics engraved on walls of tomb and temple.

Egypt has no grand epic like the Iliad or the Æneid. If ever she possessed them, they are, up to the present, lost to us. But we know not what a wealth of poetry the future may unfold. A hundred, nay, fifty, years ago, we knew very little of Egyptian literature in comparison with what we know to-day. Fifty years hence, our present knowledge may seem infinitesimal in the light of new developments. Science is continually opening fresh avenues to bygone knowledge, and elucidating old mysteries.

The enthusiasm and patient toil of excavators may reveal forgotten cities of the Atlantean and Egyptian, while akashic records await only the seeing eye and understanding heart to deliver their undying message.

In the place of Iliads, Egypt has some very fine hymns of triumph in honour of her victorious Pharaohs. Of these, the earliest is a spirited Hymn to Usertesen III of the Twelfth Dynasty, on his military triumphs. This hymn, taken from a Papyrus found at Kahun, is the most perfect specimen of Egyptian poetry that has come down to us. Its supposed date is about 2660 B.C.[1]

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary

[1] Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt*.

land." So the Prophet Isaiah. Of Usertesen, the unknown Egyptian poet writes:

"He is a floodgate, pouring forth streams of its water-floods."

And again:

"for he is a bower letting every man lie down in the mid-day heat."

And again:

"for he is a refuge, shutting out the robber" . . .
". . . for he is an asylum shielding the timid from his enemy . . ."
". . . for he is a shade in the high Nile to provide coolness in the summer . . ."
". . . for he is a warm corner of shelter in the winter . . ."
". . . for he is a rock shielding from the blast in a stormy day."

Than the above what eulogy could be more gratifying to a great monarch, whose ambition it was to be a father to his people no less than a terror to their foes?

Similar benedictions are heaped on the head of Amenemhat III, constructor of the Great Labyrinth (Twelfth Dynasty):

"He feeds those who tread in his path,
The King is food and his mouth is increase."

The great warrior, Thothmes III, sometimes spoken of as the Napoleon of Egypt (and of whom Napoleon is supposed by some to be the reincarnation), was extolled by the priests of the god Amen, whose revenues were augmented by his victories. In a long hymn the god acknowledges the valour of his faithful son, but reminds him that his triumphs are due to the protection and inspiration of his guardian deity. It is Amen speaks [1]:

"I make them (thy foes) behold thy Majesty
like the hovering hawk
Which seizes with its glance whatever pleases
him.
I came and thou smotest the lands in
front.
The dwellers upon the sand thou hast fettered
alive.
I make them to behold thy Majesty like the
jackal of the South
A hidden wanderer, he passes through the
land . .
. . I protect thee, my beloved son,
The powerful bull who rose up as King in
Thebes,
Whom I have begotten out of my loins,
Tehuti-mes, who lives for evermore,
Who has shown all love to my being . . ."

[1] Brugsch-Bey, *History of the Pharaohs.*

Like Napoleon, his prototype fully realised the value of sacerdotal favour.

But the greatest of these patriotic poems is the Song of Pentaur, in honour of the personal valour of Rameses II in his great fight with the Hittites, basely stigmatised "the vile Kheta." A very spirited version of this heroic song is given in the *History of Egypt* by Brugsch-Bey, and also in the *History* of Sir Flinders Petrie.

Like Henry of Navarre in the Battle of Ivry, Rameses was the sole hero of this memorable day. Never was the "white plume of Navarre" more conspicuous than was the chariot of Rameses the Great, when before the walls of Kadesh the young Pharaoh dashed headlong into the thick of his assailants[1]:

"He alone, by himself, none other with him. . . ."
" . . . There was never a chief with me, there was never a chariot,
There was never an officer of the troops, never a horseman, . . .
. . . There remained not one of them for fighting along with me."

He omits to mention the trained lion which ran beside his chariot, and must have been a valuable asset, though he does full justice to the courage of his magnificent steeds, Mut and

[1] Sir Flinders Petrie, *History of Egypt*.

Victory in Thebes, to whom he decreed henceforth royal dainties from the table of their grateful sovereign. Menna, the charioteer, is likewise immortalised in this fine poem—but not for valour, for Menna's heart had failed within him.

It is noteworthy that the Egyptians of antiquity evince a love of animals and consideration for their welfare quite unapproached by Egyptians of to-day. Rameses was conscious of his own prowess, but like Thothmes, and all really great men, he ascribed his valour to the presence of his god.

"Steady yourselves, steady your hearts,
My soldiers and my chariots.
Behold ye these my mighty acts.
I am alone. It is Amen who sustains me. His hand is towards me.

When Menna, my charioteer, beheld that,
Namely, multitudes of chariots completely round me,
He became weak, his heart failed,
A very great terror went through his limbs . .
. . . Steady, steady thy heart, my charioteer,
I am going among them like the striking of a hawk.
I shall slay in striking, and throw them in the dust . . .

What is in thy heart about these Asiatics?
By Amen, they are extremely vile in ignoring God.
And never shall shine his face on millions of them."

Little wonder that they plunged like crocodiles into the Orontes.

This song is full of fire and abounds in spirited and picturesque touches. Of its kind, it is the finest poem I have come across in either ancient or modern literature. The Scribe Pentaur was undeniably a great poet

Another national song of thanksgiving dates from the reign of Merenptah, who disputes with Tutankhamen the likelihood of being the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and is a song of thanksgiving for his great victory over the Libyans. It is an extremely graphic and vital poem, portraying with vivid detail the ignominious flight of Maurney or Mauroy, son of Did, the King of Libya[1]

"The wretched, conquered Prince of Libya, fled under the protection of the night, alone, without the plume upon his head his feet failed, his women were taken away before his face, the provisions of his store were plundered. He had no water-skin for his sustenance his brothers plotted his murder, his officers fought with one another. their camp was burned to ashes, his

[1] *Sir Flinders Petrie, History of Egypt.*

whole property became the booty of the soldiers. Arriving in his country, he lamented. Everyone in his country was ashamed to receive him. 'Punished Prince, Evil Fate, Feather' called to him all the inhabitants of his city."

No ornament here, yet the bald recital has its own pathos. In enumerating other nations which had been brought low, the poem makes mention of the people of Israel.

"The people of Israel is laid waste, their crops are not. Palestine has become a widow by Egypt."

Here a very significant fact is made known to us in a line of poetry It remains for future investigation to confirm its import.

With this song it is interesting to compare the triumphant song of Miriam for the overthrow of the hosts of this same Pharaoh in the Red Sea.

There remain the love-poems, many of which have been preserved in the Harris Papyrus, and three very remarkable philosophical poems of great antiquity.

Egypt has possessed many women who were skilled in state-craft, notably Nitokris, Hatshepsut, and Thi, but she has given us no woman poet. Ancient China has her Lady Pan, Greece her divine Sappho, and Arabia her Khansa, but it is an Egyptian princess who has the distinction of having inspired the greatest love-poem ever

written, even the Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

No Egyptian love-song can approach the royal masterpiece, but on a vastly lower plane the trend of composition is the same. Such songs abound in oriental sentiment and imagery and make small appeal to western intellects. By the courtesy of Mr Terence Gray extracts from some of these poems are inserted in the body of this volume.

Of the philosophical poems, that in *Praise of Learning* is the least known. It recounts with some sense of humour the hardships attendant on the lot of toilers, how the barber is at the beck and call of all and sundry for so many weary hours:

> "he wearies his hands to feed his belly
> as bees feed by their labour."

How the blacksmith works at the furnace, till his fingers are like the skin of crocodiles; how the fields of the carpenter are of wood; and how the fisherman suffers continual danger from the crocodiles among the reeds. Only the scribe is exempt from these hardships, and able to hold up his head among the noblest of the land, with no sense of inferiority.

The Song of the Harper has been translated many times, and different versions have been

found in the Egyptian tongue. Like the Book of Ecclesiastes, it speaks of the vanity of all things, and tells how one common doom awaits the greatest as the least—the grave where all things are forgotten, and from whence no man returns.

"Therefore occupy yourself with pleasure daily, for no man is permitted to carry his possessions away with him."

This song is very ancient. It was sung in the courts of the Antefs of the Eleventh Dynasty, and probably long before them. To the epicure of all ages *Carpe Diem* promises alleviation for past sorrows and future suffering. The light-hearted Egyptian, with his love of music and delight in festivals, was by no means exempt from the gnawing prick of foreboding and regret.

The song of the *Man Who was Weary of Life* is as ancient as the first man after Adam's fall, and as modern as the dreamer's sorrow of to-day.

No Christian saint has ever pictured the souls longing for another state of being more poignantly than this unknown poet of 2000 B.C.[1]:

"This day is Death before my eyes
As when a man grown well again,
And rising from a bed of pain,
The garden sees.

[1] By kind permission of Anthony Armstrong (Hutchinson & Co.)

This day is Death before my eyes
Like fragrant myrrh's alluring smell,
Like sitting 'neath the sails which swell
In favouring breeze.
This day is Death before my eyes:
Like water-bosomed lotus scent,
Or when, the traveller, worn and spent,
At last drinks deep.
This day is Death before my eyes:
As when the soldier glimpses home,
As pent-up garden-waters foam
Down channels steep.
This day is Death before my eyes:
As when, mist clearing from the blue,
The hunter's quarry leaps to view,
Like this is Death before my eyes.
As when the captive, bound in pain,
Yearns sore to see his home again,
Like this is Death.
While we draw breath,
We seek Life's prize . . .
The prize is . . . Death."

Translated by Anthony Armstrong.
(*When Nile was Young.*)

But the man who was weary of life did not look upon Death as the end of all so much as the beginning of delights, a place where justice reigns, where wrongs are righted, where Ra is ruler over all. "He who is THERE shall indeed be like a

loving god, and he shall punish him who doeth wickedness. He who is there shall certainly stand in the Boat of the Sun and shall bestow upon the temples the best offerings. He who is there shall indeed become a man of understanding who cannot be resisted, and who prayeth to Ra when he speaketh."

Although the outlook of this weary man was sorrowful exceedingly, he sorrowed not as those who have no hope.

Surviving poems of a miscellaneous character are so few that we cannot value them too highly, nor can we too ardently desire that new fragments may be unearthed and further records unfolded.

The poem in praise of learning proves the high honour accorded to the scribe while the Instructions of Amenemhat I and the Hymn of Akhenaton show us that the very Pharaohs thought the pen worthy of their high calling. Father Ai, the friend and ultimate successor of Akhenaton, is credited with the authorship of the longer version of the hymn associated with the royal heretic. It is by the beauty, majesty and exaltation of Egyptian hymns from the earliest ages that we are compelled to realise their lofty conception of the high and mighty One who inhabiteth Eternity. How widely different their ideal from the attributes assigned to Jupiter or even the more ancient Cronus, comparable only to Israel's sublime vision of the great Jehovah.

The task of compiling this little volume (in very deed a labour of delight) has been sweetened by the courtesy and helpful advice of Sir E. A. Wallis Budge who so generously accorded his permission to make use of his invaluable translations of many Egyptian hymns and poems

My warm thanks are due to Professor Breasted of the Chicago University for granting the transcription of the entire Hymn of Akhenaton, as translated by him in his *Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt*—a work of immense value to the student, and likewise to his publishers, Charles Scribner & Sons (America), and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton (London), for their courteous acquiescence in this permission

I am greatly indebted to Mr Terence Gray the gifted author of two remarkable works, ——*and* re *the Tomb were Found* and *Hatshepsut* for graciously allowing the inclusion of his translation of Egyptian love-poems, taken from *Papyrus Harris* 500 and for advice and information

My warm thanks are also due to Mr Anthony Armstrong for the use of two poetical adaptations from the *Song of the Harper* and *The Man who was Tired of Life*.

I desire to thank Mr John Murray for permission to make extracts from the translations of Heinrich Brugsch Bey, and the publishers of *Dwellers on the Nile* (Religious Tract Society) for seconding the kind permission of Sir E. A.

Wallis Budge to make use of notable quotations from that fascinating book; and also Messrs. Scribner and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for their courtesy and help with reference to the translations of Professor Breasted.

I have, moreover, been fortunate enough to make arrangements (through my editor) with Messrs. Dent & Co. for the inclusion of several beautiful selections from the *Egyptian Literature* of Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, without which this little work would have been sadly incomplete.

Within its limits I have endeavoured to make my compilation as comprehensive as may be, and I trust it may be a source of instruction as well as pleasure to my readers.

My best thanks are gratefully rendered to my poet friend, Sidney Matthewman, of the Swan Press, Leeds, without whose kindly intervention this little work would never have been undertaken.

C. Elissa Sharpley.

Torquay,
January 12*th*, 1925.

ANTHOLOGY OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN POEMS

THE PYRAMID TEXTS

EXTRACT FROM HYMN TO THE SUN GOD

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge

Hail to thee, Tem. Hail to thee Khepṛer, who created himself.
Thou art the High in this thy name of "Height."
Thou camest into being in this thy name of "Khepṛer."
Hail to thee, Eye of Horus (Egypt) which he furnisheth with his hands completely.
He permitteth not thee to be obedient to those of the West.
He permitteth not thee to be obedient to those of the East.
He permitteth not thee to be obedient to those of the South.
He permitteth not thee to be obedient to those of the North.

He permitteth not thee to be obedient to those who are in the earth.
For thou art obedient to Horus.
He it is who hath furnished thee, he it is who hath builded thee, he it is who hath made thee to be dwelt in.
Thou doest for him whatsoever he saith unto thee, in every place whither he goeth.
Thou liftest up to him the water fowl that are in thee.
Thou liftest up to him the water fowl that are about to be in thee.
Thou liftest up to him every tree that is in thee.
Thou liftest up to him every tree that is about to be in thee.
Thou liftest up to him the cakes and ale that are in thee.
Thou liftest up to him the cakes and ale that are about to be in thee.
Thou liftest up to him the gifts that are in thee.
Thou liftest up to him the gifts that are about to be in thee.
Thou liftest up to him everything that is in thee.
Thou liftest up to him everything that is about to be in thee.
Thou takest them to him in every place wherein it pleaseth him to be.
The doors upon thee stand fast shut like the god Anmutef.
They open not to those who are in the West.

They open not to those who are in the East.
They open not to those who are in the North.
They open not to those who are in the South.
They open not to those who are in the middle of the earth
But they open to Horus.

Pepi II, Sixth Dynasty.

EXTRACT FROM HYMN TO NUT (GODDESS OF THE SKY)

Pyramid Texts. Pepi II.

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge

O Perfect Daughter, mighty One of thy Mother, who art crowned like a King of the North,
Make this Pepi a spirit-soul in thee. Let him not die.
O Great Lady, who didst come into being in the sky, who art mighty,
Who dost make happy, and dost fill every being with thy beauty,
The whole earth is under thee, thou hast taken possession of it,
Thou hast encompassed the earth, everything is in thy two hands.
Grant thou that this Pepi may be in thee like an imperishable star.
Thou hast associated with Keb in thy name of Pet (sky).

Thou hast united the earth in every place.
O Mistress over the earth, thou art above thy Father, Shu, thou hast the mastery over him.
He hath loved thee so much that he setteth himself under thee in everything.
Thou hast taken possession of every god for thyself with his boat. (?)
Thou hast made them shine like lamps.
Assuredly they shall not cease from thee like the stars.
Let not this Pepi depart from thee in thy name of "Hert."

PEPI II.

EXTRACT FROM HYMN TO OSIRIS

From *The Papyrus of Ani* (E. A. WALLIS BUDGE)

GLORY be to Osiris Un-Nefer, the great god who dwelleth in Abydos, king of eternity, lord of everlastingness, whose existence endureth for millions of years.
Eldest son of the womb of Nut (the sky goddess), begotten by Keb (the Earth god), the hereditary chief of the gods, lord of the crowns of the South and North, lord of the lofty white crown, prince of gods and men: he hath received the sceptre, the whip, and the rank of his divine fathers.

Let thy heart in Semt-Ament (the other world) be content, for thy son Horus is established on thy throne.

Thou art crowned lord of Tatu (Busiris) and Ruler in Abydos.

Through thee the world flourisheth in triumph before the power of Nebertcher (the Lord of the uttermost limit).

He leadeth on that which *is*, and that which *is not yet*, in his name of Taherstanef.

He toweth along the earth by Maat (conscience) in his name of Seker he is exceeding mighty and most terrible in his name of Osiris. he endureth for ever and ever in his name of Un-Nefer.

Homage to thee, O King of kings, Lord of lords, Prince of princes, who from the womb of Nut hast ruled the world and Akert (the other world)

Thy body is like bright and shining metal, thy head is of azure blue, and the brilliance of the turquoise encircleth thee.

O thou god An of a million of years, whose body pervadeth all things, whose face is beautiful in Ta-Tchesert (the Holy Land), grant thou to the Ka of Osiris, the Scribe of Ani, splendour in heaven, power upon earth, and triumph in the other world.

Grant that I may sail down to Tatu in the form of a living soul, and sail up to Abydos in the

form of the Benu bird (the phœnix). That I may go in and come out without being stopped at the pylons of the Lords of the Other World. May there be given unto me bread-cakes in the house of coolness, and offerings of food in Anu, and a homestead for ever in Sekhet Anu, with wheat and barley therefrom.

EXTRACT FROM HYMN TO THE SUN GOD

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge Written in the hieratic characters upon slices of limestone preserved in the Egyptian Museum at Cairo.

Well dost thou watch, O Horus, who sailest over the sky, thou child who proceedest from the divine father, thou child of fire who shinest like crystal, who destroyest the darkness and the night.

Thou child who growest rapidly, with gracious form, who restest thy eye.

Thou awakenest men who are asleep upon their beds, and the reptiles in their nests.

Thy boat saileth on the fiery lake Neserser, and thou traversest the upper sky by means of the winds thereof.

The two daughters of the Nile-god crush for thee the fiend Neka; Nubti (i.e. Set) piercest him with his arrows. Keb seizeth him by the joint of his back, Serqet grippeth him by his throat.

The flame of this serpent that is over the door of thy house burneth him up. The Great Company of the Gods are wroth with him, and they rejoice because he is cut in pieces.

The children of Horus grasp their knives, and inflict many gashes on him.

Hail! Thine enemy hath fallen, and Truth standeth firm before thee!

When thou again transformest thyself into Tem, thou givest thy hand to the lords of Akert (i.e. the dead). Those who lie in death give thanks for thy beauties when thy light falleth on them

They declare unto thee what is their heart's wish, which is that they may see thee again.

When thou hast passed them by, the darkness covereth them each one in his coffin.

Thou art the lord of those who cry out to thee, the god who is beneficent for ever

Thou art the Judge of words and deeds, the Chief of Chief Judges, who stablisheth truth and doest away sin.

May he that attacketh me be judged rightly, behold he is stronger than I am He hath seized upon my office, and hath carried it off with falsehood. May it be restored to me.

HYMN TO OSIRIS

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge. Written in the hieratic characters on slices of limestone, now preserved in the Egyptian Museum, Cairo.

Praise be unto thee, O Thou who extendest thy arms, who liest asleep on thy side, who liest on the sand, the Lord of the earth, the divine Mummy.

Thou art the Child of the Earth Serpent, of great age.

Thy head . . . and goeth round thy feet.

Ra-Khepera shineth upon thy body, when thou liest on thy bed in the form of Seker, so that he may drive away the darkness that shroudeth thee, and may infuse light in thy two eyes.

He passeth a long period of time shining upon thee and sheddeth tears over thee. The earth resteth upon thy shoulders, and its corners rest upon thee as far as the four pillars of heaven. If thou movest thyself the earth quaketh, for thou art greater than . . .

The Nile appeareth out of the sweat of thy two hands.

Thou breathest forth the air that is in thy throat into the nostrils of men: divine is that thing whereon they live.

Through thy nostrils subsist the flowers, the herbage, the reeds, the flags, the barley, the wheat, and the plants whereon men live.

If canals are dug . . . and houses and temples are built, and great statues are dragged along, and lands are ploughed up, and tombs and funerary monuments are made, they all rest on thee. It is thou who makest them. They are on thy back. They are more than can be done into writing. There is no vacant space on thy back. They all lie on thy back, and yet thou sayest not "I am overweighted therewith."

Thou art the Father and Mother of men and women: they live by thy breath they eat the flesh of thy members: "Pautti" (i.e. Primeval God) is Thy name. . . .

HYMN TO SHU

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge. From the *Magical Papyrus* (Harris 501,, preserved in the British Museum, written in hieratic characters.

Homage to thee O flesh and bone of Ra, thou first-born son who didst proceed from his members, who wast chosen to be the chief of those who were brought forth, thou mighty one, thou divine form, who art endowed with strength as the lord of transformations. Thou overthrowest the Seba fiends each day.

The divine boat hath the wind behind it: thy heart is glad.

Those who are in the Antti boat utter cries of joy when they see Shu, the son of Ra, triumphant, and driving his spear into the serpent Send, Nekau.

Ra setteth out to sail over the heavens at dawn daily.

The goddess Tefnut is seated at thy head, she hurleth her flames of fire against thy enemies, and maketh them to be destroyed utterly

Thou art equipped by Ra, thou art mighty through his words of power thou art the heir of thy father upon his throne, and thy Doubles rest in the Doubles of Ra, even as the taste of what hath been in the mouth remaineth therein.

A writ hath been done into writing by the lord of Khemennu (Thoth), the Scribe of the library of Ra-Harmakhis, in the hall of the temple of Anu (Heliopolis), established, perfected, and made permanent in hieroglyphs under the feet of Ra-Harmakhis, and he shall transmit it to the son of his son for ever and ever

Homage to thee O son of Ra, who wast begotten by Temu himself.

Thou didst create thyself Thou hast no mother

Thou art Truth, the lord of Truth, thou art the power the ruling power of the gods.

Thou dost conduct the eye of thy father Ra.

They give gifts unto thee, into thy own hands. Thou makest to be at peace the great Goddess, when storms are passing over her

Thou dost stretch out the heavens on high, and dost establish them with thine own hands.

Every god boweth in homage before thee, the King of the South, the King of the North, Shu, the son of Ra, life, strength, and health be to thee.

Thou, O great God, Pantti, art furnished with the brilliance of the Eye of Ra, in Heliopolis, to overthrow the Seba fiends on behalf of thy father. Thou makest the Divine Boat to sail onwards in peace.

The mariners who are therein exult, and all the gods shout for joy when they hear thy divine name.

Greater, yea, greater art thou than the gods in thy name of Shu, son of Ra.

EGYPTIAN HYMNS

HYMN TO AMEN

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge. The Papyrus on which it is written is in Leyden.

Amen driveth away evils and scattereth diseases. He is the Physician who healeth the eye without the use of medicaments. He openeth the eyes, he driveth away inflammation.

He delivereth whom he pleaseth, even from the Tuat (the other world).

He saveth a man from what is ordained for him at the dictates of his heart.

To him belong both eyes and ears, he is on every path of him whom he loveth. He heareth the petitions of him that crieth to him. He cometh from afar to him that calleth, before a moment hath passed.

He maketh long the life of man, he cutteth it short. To him whom he loveth he giveth more than hath been fated for him.

When Amen casteth a spell upon the water and his name is on the waters, if this name of his be uttered, the crocodile hath no power The winds are driven back, the hurricane is quelled. At the remembrance of him the wrath of the angry man dieth down.

He speaketh the gentle word at the moment of strife. He is a pleasant breeze to him that crieth to him. He is the wise god whose plans are beneficent.

He is more helpful than millions to the man who hath him in his heart.

One warrior who fighteth under his name is better than hundreds of thousands. Indeed he is the beneficent strong one. He is perfect, and seizeth his moment he is irresistible. . . All the gods are three, Amen, Ra, and Ptah, and there is none like unto them. He whose name is hidden is Amen. Ra belongeth to him as his face, and his body is Ptah. Their cities

are established upon the earth for ever, namely, Thebes, Heliopolis, and Memphis.

When a message is sent from Heaven, it is heard in Anu (Heliopolis) and is repeated in Memphis to the beautiful face (Ptah). It is done into writing in the letters of Thoth (hieroglyphs) and dispatched to the City of Amen with their things. The matters are answered in Thebes. . . . His heart is understanding, his lips are taste, his Ka is all the things that are in his mouth.

He entereth, the two caverns are beneath his feet. The Nile appeareth from the hollow beneath his sandals.

His soul is Shu, his heart is Tefnut. He is Heru-Khuti in the upper heaven.

His right eye is day, his left eye is night. He is the leader of faces on every path.

His body is Nu, the dweller in it is the Nile, producing everything that is, nourishing all that is. He breatheth breath into all nostrils.

The Luck and the Destiny of every man are with him.

His wife is the Earth. He uniteth with her, his seed is the tree of Life, his emanations are the grain.

EXTRACT FROM HYMN TO AMEN-RA

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge. From *Papyrus* in the Cairo Museum.

Homage to thee, dweller in Peace, Lord of joy of heart, mighty one of crowns,
Lord of the Urrt crown with the lofty plumes,
With a beautiful tiara, and a lofty White Crown.
The gods love to behold thee.
The double crown is stablished on thy head.
Thy love passeth throughout Egypt.
Thou sendest out light, thou risest with thy two beautiful eyes.
The Pat beings faint when thou appearest in the sky,
Animals become helpless under thy rays.
Thy loveliness is in the southern sky
Thy graciousness is in the northern sky.
Thy beauties seize upon hearts.
Thy loveliness maketh the arms weak,
Thy beautiful operations make the hands idle,
Hearts become weak at the sight of thee.

He is the form One, the Creator of everything that is.
The One only, the creator of things that shall be.
Men and women proceeded from his two eyes.
His utterance became the gods.
He is the creator of the pasturage wherein herds and flocks live, the staff of life for mankind.

He maketh to live the fish in the river
and the geese and the feathered fowl of the sky.
He giveth air to the feathered creature that is in the egg. He nourisheth the geese in their pens.
He maketh to live the water fowl
and the reptiles, and every insect that flyeth.
He provideth food for the mice in their holes,
He nourisheth the flying creatures on every bough.

Homage to thee, O creator of every one of these creatures, the One only, whose hands are many
He watcheth over all those who lie down to sleep,
he seeketh the well-being of his animal creation,
Amen, establisher of everything,
Temu-Herukhuti.
They all praise thee with their words,
Adorations be to thee because thou restest among us,
We smell the earth before thee because thou hast fashioned us.

All the animals cry out—Homage to thee.
Every country adoreth thee
to the height of heaven, to the breadth of earth,
to the depths of the Great Green Sea.
The gods bend their backs in homage to thy majesty,
to exalt the souls of their creator,

they rejoice when they meet their begetter.
They say unto thee—Welcome O Father of the fathers of all the gods,
suspender of the sky, beater out of the earth,
maker of things that are, creator of things that shall be,
King, life, strength, and health be to thee. Chief of the gods,
we praise thy souls
inasmuch as thou hast created us. Thou workest for us thy children,
we adore thee because thou restest among us.

Homage to thee, O maker of everything that is.
Lord of Truth, Father of the gods,
Maker of men, creator of animals,
lord of the divine grain, making to live the wild animals of the mountains.
Amen, Bull, Beautiful Face,
Beloved One in the Apts,
Great One of diadems in the House of the Benben Stone,
binding on the tiara in Anu,
judge of the two men (Horus and Set) in the Great Hall.

Chief of the Great Company of the gods,
One only, who hath no second,
President of the Apts,
Ani, President of his Company of the gods,

living by Truth every day,
Khuti, Horus of the East.
He hath created the Mountains of gold,
and the real lapis-lazuli by his will,
the incense of the natron that is mixed by the Nubians,
and fresh myrrh for thy nostrils.
Beautiful Face, coming from the Nubians,
Amen-Ra, lord of the throne of Egypt,
President of the Apts,
Ani, President of his palace.

King, One among the gods,
His names are so many, how many cannot be known.
He riseth in the eastern horizon, he setteth in the western horizon.

He overthroweth his enemies at dawn, when he is born each day.
Thoth exalteth his two eyes.
When he setteth in his splendour, the gods rejoice in his beauties and the Apes (dawn-spirits) exalt him.
Lord of the Sektet Boat and of the Antet Boat,
They transport thee over Nu in peace.
Thy sailors rejoice
when they see thee overthrowing the Seba fiend
and stabbing his limbs with a knife.

The flame devoureth him, his soul is torn out of his body,
the feet of this serpent Nak are carried off.

The gods rejoice, the Sailors of Ra are satisfied
Anu rejoiceth,
the enemies of Temu are overthrown.
The Apts are in peace.
The heart of the goddess Nebt-ankh is happy,
the enemies of her lord are overthrown.
The gods of Kher-aha make adoration to him.
Those who are in their hidden shrines smell the earth before him when they see him mighty in his power.

O Power of the gods.
Lord of Truth, lord of the Apts
in thy name of Maker of Truth,
Lord of food, Bull of offerings,
in thy name of Amen-Ka-Mutef,
Maker of human beings, maker to be of . . .
creator of everything that is
in thy name of Temu-Khepera.

Great Hawk, making the body festal.
Beautiful Face making the breast festal.
Image with the lofty Mehen crown.
The two serpent goddesses fly before him
The hearts of the Pat-beings leap towards him
The Hememet beings turn to him.

Egypt rejoiceth in his appearances.
Homage to thee, Amen-Ra, Lord of the throne of Egypt.
His town, Thebes, loveth him when he riseth.

HYMN TO THE ONE GOD (EXTRACT)

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge

God is One and Alone, and there is none other with him.
God is the One, the One who has made all things.
God is a Spirit, a hidden Spirit, the Spirit of Spirits, the great Spirit of Egypt, the divine Spirit.
God is from the beginning, and has existed from the beginning.
He is the primeval One, and existed when as yet nothing existed. He existed when as yet there was nothing, and whatever is, He made it after He was. He is the Father of beginnings. God is Eternal. He is everlasting, and without end, Perpetual, Eternal. He has endured for endless time, and will exist henceforward for ever.
God is hidden, and no one hath perceived his form, no one hath fathomed his likeness, He is hidden in respect of Gods and men, and is a mystery to his creatures.

God is the Truth, he lives by Truth, he lives upon Truth, he is the King of Truth.

God is Life, and man lives through him alone.

He bloweth the breath of life into their nostrils.

God is Father and Mother, the Father of fathers, and the Mother of mothers.

God begets, but he is not begotten: He gives birth to, but is not given birth to.

He begets himself, and gives birth to himself: He makes, but is not made. He is the Creator of his own form, and the fashioner of his body. God is the Creator of heaven and earth, the deep, the water, and the mountains. God stretches out the heavens, and makes firm the earth beneath.

That which emanates from his heart is performed immediately, and when He has once spoken, it actually comes to pass, and endures for ever and ever.

God is the Father of the gods, and the progenitor of all deities.

God is compassionate to those who fear him, and hears those that cry unto him. He protects the weak against the strong. God knows those who know him.

He rewards those who serve him, and protects those who follow him.

HYMN TO THE SUN GOD, RA

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge

Hail to thee, Ra, Lord of Truth
whose shrine is hidden, Lord of the gods:
Khepera in his boat:
at whose command the gods were made.
Atum, maker of men:
supporting their works, giving them life
distinguishing the colour of one from another:
listening to the poor who is in distress:
gentle of heart when one cries unto him.
Deliverer of the timid man from the violent:
judging the poor, the poor and the oppressed.
Lord of wisdom, whose precepts are wise:
at whose pleasure the Nile overflows:
Lord of mercy most loving,
at whose coming men live.
opener of every eye.
proceeding from the firmament
causer of pleasure and light
at whose goodness the gods rejoice,
their hearts revive when they see him.

. . . . .

Hail to thee for all these things:
the One alone with many hands,
lying awake while all men lie asleep.
Amen, sustainer of all things:

Atum, Horus of the horizon ·
homage to thee in all their voices.
Salutation to thee for thy mercy to us
protestations to thee who hast created us.

HYMN TO AMEN-RA-HARMACHIS (EXTRACT)

Translated by E. A. Wallis Budge, in *Dwellers of the Nile*. Full translation by Professor Lushington in *Records of the Past*.

Thou wakest beauteous Amen-Ra-Harmachis,
thou watchest in triumph,
Amen-Ra, lord of the horizon.
O Blessed One, beaming in splendour,
towed by thy mariners, who are of the unresting gods,
sped by thy mariners of the unmoving gods.
Thou comest forth, thou ascendest, thou towerest in beauty:
thy barge divine careers wherein thou speedest, blest by thy mother, Nut, each day
Heaven embraces thee.
thy foes fall as thou turnest thy face towards the West of heaven.
Counted are thy bones, collected are thy limbs,
living thy flesh, thy members blossom,
thy soul blossoms, glorified is thy august form,
advanced thy state on the road to darkness.
Ra hath quelled his impious foes.
heaven rejoices, earth is in delight,

gods and goddesses are in festival to make adoration to Ra-Hor,
as they see him arise in his bark.
He fells the wicked in his season
the abode is inviolate, the diadem in its place
the uræus has smitten the wicked.

HYMN TO THE NILE

Vide Dwellers on the Nile, pp. 110–111

Blessed be the good god,
the Nun (heaven) loving Nile,
the father of the gods of the holy Nine,
dwelling on the waters,
the plenty, wealth, and food of Egypt.
He maketh everybody live by himself,
riches are on his path,
and plenteousness is in his fingers:
the pious are rejoiced at his coming.
Thou art alone and self-created,
one knoweth not whence thou art.
But on the day thou comest forth and openist thyself
everybody is rejoicing.
Thou art lord of many fish and gifts,
And thou bestowest plenteousness upon Egypt.
The cycle of the holy Nine knowest not whence thou art,
thou art their life,
For when thou comest their offerings are redoubled,

and their altars filled,
and they are shouting when thou appearest.

He giveth light on his coming from darkness
in the pastures of his cattle
his might produceth all.
What was not, his moisture bringeth to life.
Men are clothed to fill his gardens
he careth for his labourers.
He maketh even and noontide,
he is the infinite Ptah and Kabes.
He createth all work therein,
all writing, all sacred words,
All his implements in the North.

The Hymn is addressed to thee with the Harp
it is played with a skilful hand to thee.
The youths rejoice at thee,
Thy own children.
Thou hast rewarded their labour.
There is a great one adorning the land:
an enlightener, a buckler in front of men,
quickening the heart in depression,
loving the increase of all his cattle.
Mortals extol him, and the cycle of the gods.
Awe is felt by the terrible ones.
His son (Pharaoh) is made lord of all to enlighten
all Egypt.
Shine forth, shine forth, O Nile, shine forth,
Giving life to his oxen by the pastures.
Shine forth in glory, O Nile.

FROM THE BOOK OF THE DEAD

Chapter XVII.

I AM that splendid bird Bennu which is in Heliopolis.
What does this mean?
The Bennu bird is Osiris who is in Heliopolis.
I have set two feathers upon my head.
What do these two feathers signify?
The two feathers are the two uraei crowns upon the head of my father Tmu.

SONG OF THE HARPER

Translated by E. A. WALLIS BUDGE. From the *Papyrus Harris* 500.

The Poem that is in the Hall of the tomb of the King of the South and the King of the North, Antef: whose word is Truth, and is cut in front of the Harper.

O GOOD Prince, it is a decree,
And what hath been ordained thereby is well,
That the bodies of men shall pass away and disappear,
Whilst others remain.

Since the time of the oldest ancestors,
The gods who lived in olden time,

20997

Who lie at rest in their sepulchres,
The Masters and also the Shining Ones,
Who have been buried in their splendid tombs,
Their place is no more.
Consider what hath become of them.

I have heard the words of Imhotep and Herutataf,
Which are treasured above everything because they uttered them.
Consider what hath become of their tombs.
Their walls have been thrown down:
Their places are no more
They are just as if they had never existed.
Not one of them cometh from where they are.
Who can describe to us their form or condition?
Who can describe to us their surroundings?
Who can give comfort to our hearts?
And can act as our guide
To the place whereunto they have departed?

Give comfort to thy heart,
And let thy heart forget these things.
What is best for thee to do is
To follow thy heart's desire as long as thou livest.

Anoint thy head with scented unguents,
Let thy apparel be of byssus
Dipped in costly perfumes,
In the veritable products of the gods.

Enjoy thyself more than thou hast ever done before,
And let not thy heart pine for lack of pleasure.

Pursue thine heart's desire and thy own happiness,
Order thy surroundings on earth in such a way
That they may minister to the desire of thy heart
For at length that day of lamentation shall [illegible]
Wherein he whose heart is still shall not hear the lamentation,
Never shall cries of grief cause
To beat again the heart of a man who is in the grave.

Therefore occupy thyself with thy pleasure daily,
And never cease to enjoy thyself.

Behold a man is not permitted
To carry his possessions away with him.
Behold there never was anyone who, having departed,
Was able to come back again.

SONG OF THE HARPER

Adapted by ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, *When Nile was Young*.

THAT which is here must pass away,
The life we live is but a day.
Youth lives and loves and seeks its rest:
The past is gone, the present flies,
The babe is born, grows old, and dies:
The Sun that rose sinks in the West.
Of all these things, not one will stay,
So let us revel while we may.

Come. Lute and pipes are in thy hand:
Behind thy chair the Harpers stand.
O let all care be cast away.
See perfumed flowers are here to deck
The smoothness of thy darling's neck.
Let all be joy until the day
When we must seek the Silent Land—
The Silence of the Silent Land.

POEM IN PRAISE OF LEARNING (EXTRACT)

Vide *Dwellers on the Nile*, pp. 123–124

I HAVE seen violence, I have seen violence, give thy heart after letters.
I have seen one free from labours, consider there is nothing beyond letters.
Love letters as thy mother. I make its beauty to go in thy face. It is a greater possession than all honours.

He who has commenced to avail himself, is, from his infancy, a counsellor.
He is sent to perform commissions.
He who does not go is as sackcloth.
I have not seen a blacksmith on a commission, a founder who goes on an embassy.
I have seen the blacksmith at his work at the mouth of the furnace,
His fingers like the skin of crocodiles, he stinks worse than the eggs of fishes.
Every carpenter carrying tools, is he more at rest than the labourers?
His fields are of wood, his tools of metal: at night when he is free, he does in addition work with his hands for the lighting of his house.
The barber is shaving till evening.
When he places himself to eat, he places himself on his elbows
He places himself at street after street
to seek after shaving.
He wearies his hands to feed his belly
as bees feed by their labour.

I tell you the fisherman suffers more than any employment.
Consider, is he not toiling on the river? he is mixed up with the crocodiles.
Should the clumps of papyrus diminish, then he is crying out for help.

If he has not been told that a crocodile is not there,
Terror blinds him.
Consider, there is not an employment destitute of superior ones
Except the Scribe, who is the first. For he who knows letters, he then is better than thee.
Should'st thou walk after great men, thou art to proceed with good knowledge.
Do not say proud words. Be sealed in thyself alone.

INSTRUCTION OF AMENEMHAT I TO HIS SON

History of Egypt, Professor Breasted

Hearken to that which I say to thee,
That thou mayest be king of the earth,
That thou mayest be ruler of the lands,
That thou mayest increase good.
Harden thyself against all subordinates.
The people give heed to him who terrorises them,
Approach them not alone.
Fill not thy heart with a brother,
Know not a friend,
Nor make for thyself intimates,
Wherein is no end.

When thou sleepest, guard for thyself thine own heart.
For a man has no people
In the day of evil.
I gave to the beggar,
I nourished the orphan,
I admitted the insignificant,
As well as him who was of great account.
But he who ate my food made insurrection.
He to whom I gave my hand aroused fear therein.

. . . . .

I was one who cultivated grain and loved the harvest-god:
The Nile greeted me in every valley:
None was hungry in my years, none thirsted then
Men dwelt in peace through that which I wrought, conversing of me.

EXTRACT FROM HYMN TO USERTESEN III (TWELFTH DYNASTY)

Translated by Professor Breasted, *History of Egypt*. Published by Messrs. Charles Scribner & Sons (America), and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (London). By kind permission of the above.

Twice great is the king of his city, above a million arms: as for other rulers of men, they are but common folk.

Twice great is the king of his city: he is as it were a dyke, damming the stream in its water flood.

Twice great is the king of his city. he is as it were a cool lodge, letting every man repose unto full daylight.

Twice great is the king of his city· he is as it were a bulwark, with walls built of sharp stones of Kesem.

Twice great is the king of his city: he is as it were a place of refuge, excluding the marauder.

Twice great is the king of his city· he is as it were an asylum, shielding the terrified from his foe.

Twice great is the king of his city: he is as it were a shade, the cool vegetation of the flood in the season of harvest.

Twice great is the king of his city: he is as it were a corner warm and dry in time of winter.

Twice great is the king of his city: he is as it were a rock barring the blast in the time of tempest.

Twice great is the king of his city: he is as it were Sekmet to foes who tread on his boundary.

HYMN IN PRAISE OF THOTHMES III

Translated by Heinrich Brugsch-Bey, in *Egypt under the Pharaohs*.

Amen speaks.

. . . . . .

I came and thou smotest the princes of Zahi,
I scatter them under thy feet over all their lands.
I make them behold thy Majesty like the beaming sun.
Thou shinest in sight of them in thy form.
I came, and thou smotest those who dwell in Asia:
Thou madest prisoners the shepherds of Ruthen:
I make them behold thy Majesty in the panoply of thy royal dignity
How thou graspest the weapons on thy war-chariot.

I came, and thou smotest the land of the East.
Thou camest to those who dwell in the Holy Land.
I make them behold thy Majesty like the Star Canopus,
Which pours out its light in a fiery glow,
When he disperses the morning dew.

I came, and thou smotest the Land of the West.
Kefa (Phœnicia) and Asebi (Cyprus) fear thee.

I make them behold thy Majesty like a young bull
Full of courage, his horns whetted, he is unapproachable.
I came, and thou smotest the subjects of their lords
The Land of Mathen trembles for fear of thee.
I made them behold thy Majesty like a crocodile,
The terrible one in the water. he is not to be encountered.
I came, and thou smotest the islanders in the midst of the Great Sea,
Thy war-cry is over them.
I make them behold thy Majesty as the avenger
Who appears riding on the back of his victim.
I came, and thou smotest the Land of the Thuhen
The People of the Uthent is under thy power.
I make them behold thy Majesty as a lion with a fierce eye,
Who leaves his den and stalks through their valleys.
I came, and thou smotest the hinder lands!
The circuit of the Great Sea is bound in thy grasp.
I make them behold thy Majesty like the hovering hawk
Which seizes with his glance whatever pleases him.
I came, and thou smotest the lands in front:

The dwellers upon the sand thou hast fettered alive.
I make them behold thy Majesty like the jackal of the South:
A hidden wanderer, he passes through the land.
I came, and thou smotest the Nomad tribes of Nubia,
Even to the land of Shat which is in thy grasp.
I make them behold thy Majesty like thy pair of brothers
Whose hands I have united to bless thee.
I make thy two sisters shed on thee health and welfare.
My hands in the height of heaven ward off misfortune.
I protect thee, my beloved son,
The powerful bull, who rose up as King in Thebes,
Whom I have begotten out of my loins.
Tehuti-mes, who lives for evermore,
Who has shown all love to my Being.
Thou hast raised up my dwelling in long-enduring works,
More numerous and greater than they have ever been.
A great gate guards [against the entrance of the impious].
Thou hast established joyful feasts in favour of Amen,
Greater are thy monuments than those of all former Kings.

I gave thee the order to execute them,
And thou hast understood it.
Therefore I place thee on the seat of Horus for never-ending many years.
Conduct and guard the living generations.

HYMN TO AMENEMHAT III

History of Egypt, Professor Breasted (extract)

He makes the Two Lands verdant, more than a great Nile
He hath filled the Two Lands with strength.
He is life, cooling the nostrils . . .
The treasures which he gives are food for those who are in his following
He feeds those who tread his path.
The King is food and his mouth is increase.

HYMN OF AKHENATON

Development of Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt. Translated by, and with the kind permission of, Professor Breasted, of the University of Chicago, and the courtesy of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Sons, and of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers.

Universal Splendour and Power of Aton

Thy dawning is beautiful in the horizon of the sky,
O living Aton, Beginning of life:

When thou risest in the Eastern horizon,
Thou fillest every land with thy beauty,
Thou art beautiful, great, glittering, high above every land.
Thy rays, they encompass the lands, even all that thou hast made.
Thou art Re, and thou carriest them all away captive.
Thou bindest them by thy love,
Though thou art far away, thy rays are upon earth.
Thou art on high, thy footsteps are the day.

Night

When thou settest in the western horizon of the sky,
The earth is in darkness like the dead.
They sleep in their chambers,
Their heads are wrapped up
Their nostrils are stopped.
And none seeth the other.
While all their things are stolen
Which are under their heads.
And they know it not.
Every lion cometh forth from his den,
All serpents, they sting.
Darkness . . .
The world is in silence,
He that made them resteth in his horizon.

Day and Man

Bright is the earth when thou riseth to the horizon,
When thou shinest as Aton by day
Thou drivest away the darkness.
When thou sendest forth thy rays,
The Two Lands (Egypt) are in daily festivity,
Awake, and standing upon their feet
When thou hast raised them up,
Their limbs bathed, they take their clothing,
Their arms uplifted in adoration to thy dawning.
(Then) in all the world they do their work.

Day and the Animals and Plants

All cattle rest upon their pasturage,
The trees and the plants flourish,
The birds flutter in their marshes,
Their wings uplifted in adoration to thee,
All the sheep dance upon their feet,
All winged things fly,
They live when thou hast shone upon them.

Day and the Waters

The barques sail up-stream and down-stream alike,
Every highway is open because thou dawnest.
The fish in the river leap up before thee,
Thy rays are in the midst of the great green sea.

Creation of Man

Creator of the germ in woman,
Maker of seed in man,
Giving life to the son in the body of his mother,
Soothing him that he may not weep,
Nurse (even) in the womb,
Giver of breath to animate every one that he maketh.
When he cometh forth from the body . . on the day of his birth,
Thou openest his mouth in speech,
Thou suppliest his necessities.

Creation of Animals

When the fledgling in the egg chirps in the shell,
Thou givest him breath therein to preserve him alive
When thou hast brought him together,
To (the point of) bursting it in the egg,
He cometh forth from the egg
To chirp with all his might.
He goeth about to chirp upon his two feet
When he hath come forth therefrom.

The Whole Creation

How manifold are thy works.
They are hidden from before (us),
O sole God, whose power no other possesseth.

Thou didst create the earth according to thy heart
While thou wast alone,
Men, all cattle, large and small,
All that are upon the earth,
That go about upon their feet
(All) that are on high,
That fly with their wings,
The foreign countries, Syria and Kush,
The land of Egypt
Thou settest every man into his place,
Thou suppliest their necessities,
Every one has his possessions,
And his days are reckoned.
The tongues are divers in speech,
Their forms likewise, and their skins are distinguished,
(For) thou makest different the strangers.

Watering the Earth in Egypt and Abroad

Thou makest the Nile in the Nether World,
Thou bringest it as thou desirest,
To preserve alive the people,
For thou hast made them for thyself,
The lord of them all, resting among them
Thou lord of every land, who risest for them,
The Sun of day, great in majesty.
All the distant countries,
Thou makest (also) their life,

Thou hast set a Nile in the sky:
When it falleth for them,
It maketh waves upon the mountains,
Like the great green sea,
Watering their fields in their towns.

How excellent are thy designs, O lord of eternity:
There is a Nile in the sky for the strangers,
And for the cattle of every country that go upon their feet.
(But) the Nile, it cometh from the Nether World for Egypt.

The Seasons

Thy rays nourish every garden:
When thou risest they live,
They grow by thee,
Thou makest the seasons
In order to create all thy work:
Winter to bring them coolness,
And heat that they may taste thee,
Thou didst make the distant sky to rise therein,
In order to behold all that thou hast made,
Thou alone, shining in thy form as living Aton,
Dawning, glittering, going afar, and returning.
Thou makest millions of forms
Through thyself alone:
Cities, towns, and tribes, highways and rivers,
All eyes see thee before them,
For thou art Aton of the day over the earth.

Revelation to the King

Thou art in my heart,
There is no other that knoweth thee
Save thy son Ikhnaton.
Thou hast made him wise
In thy designs and in thy might.
The world is in thy hand,
Even as thou hast made them.
When thou hast risen, they live,
When thou settest, they die
For thou art length of life of thyself,
Men live through thee,
While their eyes are upon thy beauty
Until thou settest.
All labour is put away
When thou settest in the west.

. . . . .

Thou didst establish the world,
And raise them up for thy son,
Who came forth from thy limbs,
The King of Upper and Lower Egypt,
Living in Truth, Lord of the Two Lands,
Nefer-khepru-Re, Wan-Re (Ikhnaton)
Son of Re, living in Truth, lord of diadems,
Ikhnaton, whose life is long
(And for) the chief royal wife, his beloved,
Mistress of the Two Lands, Nefer-nefru-Aton-Nofretete,
Living and flourishing for ever and ever.

PRAYER FOUND UNDER THE FEET OF AKHENATEN, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN COMPOSED BY HIM.

Taken from an article by WALTER OWEN in *Theosophy*, September 1924.

I BREATHE the sweet breath which comes from thy mouth.
I behold thy beauty every day.
It is my desire that I may hear thy sweet voice even in the
North Wind, that my limbs may be made young through love of thee.
Give me thy hands holding thy spirit, that I may receive it and live by it.
Call thou upon my name unto Eternity, and it shall never fail.

EXTRACTS FROM THE POEM OF PENTAUR

From *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, by H. BRUGSCH-BEY

Rameses II

THE youthful King with the bold hand has not his equal.
His arms are powerful, his heart is firm, his strength is like that of the god of war, Mentu, in the midst of the fight.
He leads his warriors to unknown peoples.

He seizes his weapons, and is a wall of iron to his warriors, their shield in the day of battle.

He seizes his bow, and no one is equal to him.

Mightier than a hundred thousand united together goes he forward. . . . His courage is firm like that of a bull which seizes. . . No man knows the thousands of men who fell down, nor the hundreds of thousands that sank before his glance.

Terrible is he when his war-cry resounds, bolder than the whole world . . . as the grim lion in the valley of gazelles. . . . No opponent dares to speak against him.

Wise is his counsel. Complete are his decisions when he wears the royal crown Atef and declares his will, a protector of his people.

His heart is like a mountain of iron. Such is King Rameses Meri-Amen.

The King of the Vile Kheta

He had assembled with him all the peoples from the uttermost ends of the sea to the people of Kheta. . . . He had left no people on his road without bringing them with him.

Their number was endless; nothing like it had ever been before. They covered mountains and valleys like grasshoppers for their number. He had not left silver nor gold with his people.

He had taken away all their goods and possessions to give to the people who accompanied him to the war

The Ambush

At the same time the miserable King of Kheta was in the midst of his warriors which were with him. But his hand was not so bold as to venture to battle with Pharaoh.

Therefore he drew away the horsemen and the chariots which were numerous as the sand. And they stood three men in each war-chariot, and there were assembled in one spot the best heroes of Kheta, well appointed with all weapons for the fight. They did not dare to advance. They stood in ambush to the north-west of the town of Kadesh. . . .

There Pharaoh's warriors and chariots gave way before them. . . .

. . . Then they came to tell the King. . . .

Then the King arose like his Father, Mentu: he grasped his weapons and put on his armour, just like Baal in his time.

And the noble pair of horses which carried Pharaoh, and whose name was Victory in Thebes they were from the Court of King Rameses Meri-Amen.

When the King had quickened his course, he rushed into the midst of the hostile hosts of Kheta, all alone, no other was with him.

When Pharaoh had done this, he looked behind him and found himself surrounded by 2,500 pairs of horses, and his retreat was beset by the bravest heroes of the king of the miserable Kheta, and by all the numerous peoples which were with him . . . And there were three men in each chariot, and they were all gathered together. . . .

(Typical transition from third to first person)

And not one of my princes, not one of my captains of the chariots, not one of my chief men, not one of my knights was there

My warriors and my chariots had abandoned me, not one of them was there to take part in the battle.

Thereupon speaks Pharaoh "Where art thou, my Father, Amen? If this means that the father has forgotten his son, have I done anything without thy knowledge? or have I not gone and followed the judgments of thy mouth? Never were the precepts of thy mouth transgressed, nor have I broken thy commands in any respect. The noble lord and ruler of Egypt, should he bow himself before the foreign peoples in his way? Whatever may be the intention of these herdsmen, Amen should stand higher than the miserable one who knows nothing of God. Shall it be for nothing that I have dedicated to thee many and noble monuments, that I have filled thy temples

with my prisoners of war, that I have built to thee temples to last many thousands of years? . . . Never did I withhold my hand from doing that which thy wish required. . . . O Amen, I have acted for thee with a willing heart: therefore I call on thee. Behold now, Amen, I am in the midst of many unknown peoples in great numbers. All have united themselves, and I am all alone: no other is with me. My warriors and my charioteers have deserted me. I called to them and not one of them heard my voice. But I find that Amen is better to me than millions of warriors, than hundreds of thousands of horses, than tens of thousands of brothers and sons, even if they were all united together in one place. The works of a multitude of men are nothing: Amen is better than they. What has happened to me here is according to the command of thy mouth, O Amen, and I will not transgress thy command. Behold I call upon thee at the uttermost ends of the earth."

Amen Hearkens to His Cry

I was changed. I was made like the god Mentu.
I hurled the dart with my right hand. I fought with my left hand.
I was like Baal in his time before their sight.

I had found 2,500 pairs of horses I was in the midst of them but they were dashed in pieces before my horses.

Not one of them raised his hand to fight: their courage was sunken in their breasts, their limbs gave way. They could not hurl the dart, nor had they the courage to thrust with the spear.

I made them fall into the waters just as the crocodiles fall in.

They tumbled down on their faces one after another

I killed them at my pleasure so that not one of them looked back behind him, nor did another turn round. Each one fell, he raised himself not up again.

There stood the miserable king of Kheta in the midst of his warriors and his chariots to behold the fight of the King. . . They were all together, the brothers of the king of Kheta, united in one place to the number of 2,500 pairs of horses. They forthwith rushed right on, their countenance directed to the flame of fire, i.e. my face.

I rushed down upon them.

Like Mentu was I.

I let them taste my hand in the space of a moment.

I dashed them down and killed them where they stood.

Then cried one of them to his neighbour, saying "This is no man. Ah, woe to us. He who is in our midst is Sutekh the glorious. Baal is in all his limbs. Let us save our lives: let us try our breath."

(Transition from first to third person.)

As soon as anyone attacked him, his hand fell down, and every limb of his body. They could not aim either the bow or the spear. They only looked at him as he came on in his headlong career from afar. The King was behind them like a griffin. . . .

Menna, the Charioteer

When Menna, my charioteer, beheld with his eyes how many pairs of horses surrounded me, his courage left him and his heart was afraid. Evident terror and great fright took possession of his whole body. Immediately he spake to me—"My gracious lord, thou brave King, thou Guardian of the Egyptians in the day of battle, protect us. We stand alone in the midst of our enemies. Stop, O save the breath of life for us. Give us deliverance, O protect us, King Rameses Meri-Amen."

Then spake the King to his charioteer—"Halt, stand. Take courage, my charioteer. I will dash myself down among them as a sparrow-

hawk dashes down. I will slay them. I will cut them in pieces. I will dash them to the ground in the dust. Why then is such a thought in thy heart? These are unclean ones for Amen, wretches, who do not acknowledge the god."

The King Reproves his Faithless Warriors

My warriors, my charioteers, who have not taken part in the fight, a man does not succeed in obtaining honour in his city unless he comes and exhibits his prowess before his lord, the King. Good will be his name if he is brave in battle. By deeds, by deeds will such an one obtain applause. Have I not given what is good to each of you that you left me, so that I was alone in the midst of hostile hosts? Forsaken by you, my life was in peril, and you breathed tranquilly, and I was alone. Could you not have said in your hearts that I was a rampart of iron to you? Will anyone obey him who leaves me in the lurch when I am alone without any follower? when nobody comes of the princes, of the knights, and of the chief men of the army to reach me out of his hand? I was alone thus fighting, and I have withstood millions of foreigners, I all alone.

"Victory in Thebes" and "Mut is satisfied," my pair of horses, it was they who found me to strengthen my hand when I was all alone in the midst of the multitude of raging hosts. I will myself henceforth have their fodder given to them for their nourishment in my presence when I shall dwell in the palace, because I have found them in the midst of hostile hosts, together with the captain of the horsemen, Menna, my charioteer, out of the band of the trusted servants in the palace, who stay near me. Here are the eye-witnesses of the battle. Behold these did I find. . . .

Rameses as Mentu

The diadem of the royal snake adorned my head.
It spat fire and glowing flame in the face of my enemies.
I appeared like the Sun-god at his rising in the early morning.
My shining beams were a consuming fire for the limbs of the wicked.
They cried out to one another—"Take care, do not fall, for the powerful snake of royalty which accompanies him, has placed itself on his horse. It helps him. Everyone who comes in his way falls down. There comes forth fire and flame to consume his body."

The Return of the King in Peace

Then the King went in peace to the land of Egypt. . . All peoples came at his name, and their kings fell down to pray before his beautiful countenance. The King reached the city of Ramses Meri-Amen, the great worshipper of Hokemkhu, and rested in his palace in the most serene humour, just like the sun on his throne. And Amen came to greet him, speaking thus to him—"Be thou blessed, thou, our son, whom we love, Ramses Meri-Amen. May the gods secure to him without end many thirty years' feasts of Jubilee for ever on the chair of his father Tmu, and may all lands be under his feet."

THE CITY OF RAMSES

Extract from letter of Panbesa. *Papyrus Anas.* Vide *Egypt under the Pharaohs*, by H. Brugsch-Bey.

Melons with a taste like honey grow in the irrigated fields. Its barns are full of wheat and durra and reach to heaven. Onions and sesame are in the enclosures and the apple-tree blooms. The vine, the almond tree and the fig-tree grow in the gardens. Sweet is their wine for the inhabitants of Kamit. . . . The common people as well as the higher classes say—Come hither. Let us celebrate to

him (Rameses II) his earthly and his heavenly feasts. . . . The youths of the Conqueror's City were perpetually clad in festal array. Fine oil was on their heads of fresh curled hair. They stood in their doors, their hands laden with branches and flowers from Pa-Hathor, and with garlands from Pahir, on the day of the entry of King Ramessu Meri-Amen, the god of War, Mentu, upon earth. . . Delicious was the wine for the inhabitants of the Conqueror's City. Their cider was like . . . their sherbets were like almonds mixed with honey. There was beer from Kati in the harbour, wine in the gardens, oil at the lake Sagabi, garlands in the apple orchards. The sweet song of women resounded to the tunes of Memphis. So they sat there with joyful heart, or walked about without ceasing. King Ramessu Meri-Amen, he was the god they celebrated. . . .

SONG OF THE MAN WHO WAS WEARY OF LIFE

When Nile was Young. Translated by, and with the kind permission of, ANTHONY ARMSTRONG, and the courtesy of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co., Publishers.

THIS day is Death before my eyes :
As when a man grown well again,
And rising from a bed of pain,
The garden sees.

This day is Death before my eyes:
Like fragrant myrrh's alluring smell,
Like sitting 'neath the sails which swell
In favouring breeze.

This day is Death before my eyes:
Like water-bosomed lotus scent,
Or when, the traveller, worn and spent,
At last drinks deep.

This day is Death before my eyes:
As when the soldier glimpses home,
As pent-up garden-waters foam
Down channels steep.

This day is Death before my eyes:
As when, mist clearing from the blue,
The hunter's quarry leaps to view,
Like this is Death before my eyes.
As when, the captive, bound in pain,
Yearns sore to see his home again,
Like this is Death.
While we draw breath,
We seek life's prize. . .
The prize is . . Death.

EXTRACTS FROM EGYPTIAN LOVE SONGS

And in the Tomb were Found. From *Papyrus Harris* 500. Translated by TERENCE GRAY, by whose kind permission they are included in this volume. Published by Heffer & Sons, Cambridge.

O OVERHANGING Spray, my heart is in suspense. . . .
I have anointed mine eyes with kohl,
For I would appear with dazzling eyes,
When I hasten to thee beholding thy love.
O man, wondrous to my heart, beautiful is this my hour.
Coming to me, it is an hour of eternity. . . .
I will draw nigh unto thee in the field in which I have made flowers to bloom,
And all sweet smelling plants.
There are delightful canals which I have dug with my hand
To refresh myself with the North Wind,
A beautiful place in which to walk, thy hand in my hand,
My breast full of remembrance,
My heart joyous going both together.
It is an intoxicating draught for me to hear thy voice,
And by hearing it I live.
For me to see thee with every glance is more profitable than eating, more than drinking. . . .

O Beautiful Being, my heart would that I be
mistress of thy possessions.
As thy lady of the house,
That, thy arm laid against thy arm,
Thou shalt embrace her whom thou lovest,
While to my heart which is on thy bosom
I murmur my supplications. . . .
Ah thou,—art thou not health and life,
He who brings the joys of thy health to my heart
seeking thee?

EGYPTIAN LOVE SONGS

And in the Tomb were Found. Translated by TERENCE GRAY, by whose kind permission they are included in this volume. Published by Heffer & Sons, Cambridge.

"*Harris Papyrus* 500" British Museum.

I HAVE no mercy of heart for thy love,
My love philtre which begets thy drunkenness,
I will not throw it away secretly,
But I will distil it at the Vigil of the Inundation,
As in Syria with branches of cypress,
In Ethiopia with palm-branches,
In the Highlands with tamarisk,
In the plains with papyrus stalks.
I will not listen to their counsels
Who bid me reject my desire.

I shall embark on the canal in spite of my orders,
I shall bedeck my shoulders with myrtle,
And I shall come to Ankhtaui.
I shall address my prayer to every just God
That my sister may be during the night
Like the Living Source, as myrtles are like to Ptah,
As water-lilies are like Sokhit, blue lotus like Yduti,
Pink lotus like Noftrytumu,
That the white-walled City may grant
That she illumine the earth with her beauties,
And Memphis give the vases of unguent
Which are placed before Nofriha.

The beautiful sister whom thy heart loveth comes in the fruit-gardens, O brother beloved,
For my heart pursues those things which thou dost love,
And all things that thou doest.
I say unto thee, "Behold the things that have happened."
I am come to prepare my snare with my hands,
My cage, and my hiding-place for all the birds of Puanit.
They swoop upon the Black Land laden with incense.
The first which cometh, he shall seize my worm-bait,

Bearing from Puanit the fragrance which he exhales,
His claws full of sweet-smelling resins.
My heart desires that we take them together,
I with thee alone.
I would make thee hear the plaintive cries
Of my bird anointed with beautiful perfumes.
Thou beside me, with me.
I will prepare my trap, O my beautiful one,
Going to the fruit-garden with my beloved. . . .
The cry of the wild goose resounds plaintively,
He has taken his worm-bait.
But thy love drives me away
I do not know how to deliver myself from it.
I shall take away my nets,
And alas, I shall say to my Mother,
To whom I go each day laden with captives,
"My snare to-day, I have not laid."
For thy love holds me captive.
The wild goose flies away and settles,
He hails the granaries with his cry,
The flock of birds is floating on the stream.
But I think of them no longer
I think of my love for thee only
For my heart is the other balance of thy heart,
And I cannot forsake thy beauties.

RETRIBUTION

See *Egyptian Mythology*, By W. Max Müller. A. Erman in S.B.A.W.

I am one who swore falsely by Ptah, the Lord of Justice
He made me see darkness in day-time.
I shall tell his power to the one who knoweth him not, as well as to the one who knoweth,
To the small and to the great,
Beware of Ptah, the Lord of Justice,
Behold he doth not overlook the wrong deed of any man.
Abstain from pronouncing Ptah's name wrongly,
Lo, he who pronounceth it wrongly,
Behold, he goeth to destruction.

He made me to be like a dog on the street:
I was in his hand.
He made me to be a spectacle for men and gods,
Since I have been a man who wrought abomination against his master.

Ptah, the Lord of Justice, is just to me.
He hath afflicted me with punishment.
Be merciful unto me.
I have seen that thou art merciful.

SILENT WORSHIP

See *Egyptian Mythology*, by W. Max Müller

Thou savest the silent, O Thoth,
Thou sweet well of water for him who is athirst in the desert.
It is closed for the garrulous:
It is open for the silent.
When the silent cometh, he findeth the well:
The one that burneth with heat, him dost thou refresh.

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NOTE

THEIR worship of animals was the most extraordinary feature of ancient Egyptian civilisation. It was as great a problem to the philosophers of Greece as to the savants of to-day. The crude and debasing presentment of their deities appeared, and still appears, strangely at variance with the lofty precepts of their moral code with regard to present life, and life also in the world to come.

Not only were the Egyptians an intensely religious people, but they were possessed likewise of scientific knowledge and artistic skill. Yet the gods whom they so highly reverenced were portrayed as less than human.

Symbols they doubtless were, but how unworthy of the immortal gods. Totemism has been suggested as a solution, but it is inadequate.

Even in the age of Mena, the earliest historic king, the Egyptians were considerably advanced in engineering science no less than in the goldsmith's art. They were very far removed from the primitive status of undeveloped humanity.

The inhabitants of the East, and more especi-

ally Egypt, are extremely conservative. The root of their religious observances must have dated back to immemorial antiquity

Egypt is now supposed (with more assurance than in the time of Plato), to have been a colony of Atlantis, a continent renowned for intellectual supremacy and moral degeneracy

It seems possible that hawk-, jackal-, and ibis-headed delineations—with many others—of their gods may be survivals of a bygone cycle, or even of a creation anterior to the creation of mankind. The vintage of historic fact is often pressed from legendary seed.

The marvel of this strange system of observance is equalled by the long centuries of its duration.

Until the final triumph of Christianity, the cult of Osiris, Isis, Ra, remained nominally dominant. Long after the nationalisation of Christianity, many of the ceremonies of the older Faith continued in use.

Only on two occasions did the splendour of the ancient gods suffer a brief eclipse. We are told (in his disfavour), that Khufu, builder of the Great Pyramid, shut up the temples and forbade the worship of the gods. Abuses had crept into the temple precincts and vitiated priestly administration. These abuses he determined to rectify or to abolish. The reforms which he inaugurated probably resulted in the increased prestige of the priesthood of Ra, the

Sun-God, and the additional honour accorded to that deity.

The second occasion was many centuries later, when Akhenaten, another royal innovator, swept aside the worship of Ptah, Osiris, Ra, and constituted Monotheism a State Religion.

But the old faith was imbedded too deeply in the hearts of the people and the traditions of their priests to be thus lightly discarded. Aten-worship, which flourished during the lifetime of its founder, declined beneath the sway of his successor, and, under Tutankhamen passed into oblivion. Once more the old gods rose up victorious.

They are dead now, but certain ceremonies which once graced their ritual are with us still. Of such survivals is the wedding ring. Here East and West join hands. When an English bridegroom with the espousal ring endows his bride with all his worldly goods, he renders an unwitting homage to Osiris.

And although the gods are dead, the mystery which shrouded their cradle lingers, and still baffles our endeavour and eludes our vision, and with romantic glamour gilds their grave.

The different renderings of the names, Akhenaton —Akhenaten; Rameses—Ramses—Rameesu, are in accordance with the authorities cited. Professor Breasted writes Ikhnaton.

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